

BEYOND RUBIES

By ELIZABETH SCHOEN COBB.

"The girl don't fit," was the implacable announcement of the man who decided what and what not books should go forth from the great Atlantic Press.

"H'm!" uttered Cyril Dane, popular author and dilettante—"make her fit, then."

"It can't be done," voiced the censor, critic and ruler of the destinies of current authorship. "You'll have to find a new one. See here, Dane, don't get stale and cynical because you are rich in paying copyright royalties. You've struck quite a new lead in your last manuscript. The characters are natural and charming. All but the girl. She spoils it."

"She's the fair average of the social ton," adhered Dane.

The great editor viewed Dane critically and speculatively.

"Dane," he spoke bluntly, "what's the matter with you? Been crossed in love at some time or other in your experience?"

"I?" laughed the author. "I should say not! Love—there's no such thing in the world."

"Mistake," observed the other sententiously. "Go out and hunt up the real thing, revise your manuscript on a basis of later information and you'll be giving the world a real literary gem."

Dane swung out of the office in his usual self-willed, indifferent way, but when he got home in the quiet and calm of his library he began to think over what the editor had said to him. He had not thought much of the story



Shouted at the Despoiler.

he had just submitted. In fact it was the result of a four weeks' stay in a far northern rest resort, where he had boarded with a quaint, old-fashioned family, every member of which was unique as to mannerisms and character. More "to get this new experience out of his system," than anything else, Dane had strung together a simple, but pretty story. There was no visible heroine in the family he had lived with. She was away at school, but he constructed a heroine. He depicted the absent daughter as "the home product," going out in a world-wise way. He made her ambitious, unnatural, selfish and harmless. That was the kind of women Cyril Dane had met in the social circle in which he had moved. The first beauty of the story was marred, as might be a lovely melody by a false and discordant note.

"It's so, what Rossiter said," acknowledged Dane, after re-reading the manuscript. "Pshaw! let it go through. It's only a pot boiler and out of my line."

He found it not so easy to adhere to this indifferent position, however. The criticisms of the editor, while disturbing his self-esteem, also conveyed a compliment as to his ability in a new vein of literary effort. He was thirty, blase, he regarded life as, after all, a hollow shell. He had trained with a group possessed of shallow moral ideas and his sentiments and humanitarian analyses had been tinctured with that influence.

"I will take another jaunt among the unvarnished and see if I can discover something new," he resolved.

Two days later Dane arrived at a little town in the same district where he had gained the character material for his latest novel. His idea was to arrange for a stay in some obscure settlement along the shore of the lake. Noon found him hot and tired, outside of the range of a human habitation.

"I'll take a swim and rest and then plod on," soliloquized Dane.

He was in the full enjoyment of a refreshing swim when, chancing to

glance shorewards, he saw a big husky trampish-looking fellow going through his clothes. He shouted at the despoiler, but the latter did not desist. Dane ran up on the shore. He grappled with the thief.

It proved to be an unequal contest. The tramp was double his match in bulk and strength. There was a strenuous tussle. Then, springing free from Dane's grasp, his assailant grabbed up a heavy club and dealt him a dozen cruel blows.

It was hours later when Dane aroused from a deathlike lethargy. His face was dabbled with blood, he was weak and dizzy-headed. In a mechanical sort of way he proceeded to dress himself. It was in the cast-off garments of the tramp, although he did not notice this. The enemy had made the despoilment complete.

In a brain daze that comprehended little of environment or the extent of his injuries, Dane staggered down the beach. He had a dim realization of the fact that he was badly hurt and must find succor. At last his blurred sense of vision made out a fence, a habitation beyond it. Dane reeled along a gravel path, gave a lurch and landed face downward amid a redolent bed of flowers.

"Don't move, mister. Just tell what you want and I'll get it for you," were the words that recalled him to life again, three days later. Dane started. A little urchin who spoke was seated beside the bed in which he lay in a low-ceilinged but immaculately clean apartment.

"What place is this?" began Dane wonderingly.

"Why, it's home," explained the lad.

"Whose home?"

"Mine—sister's. She's made it yours, too, for she felt so sorry—the fix you were in. She's left me to nurse you while she takes the butter and eggs to town."

All through the rest of that day Dane in fragments gathered up the sequel to his battle on the shore of the lake. He had been discovered at their very doorstep by the Mertons, sister and brother. His wretchedness had appealed to a sympathetic heart. Poor as they were, the best they had had been at once awarded this involuntary guest.

Ned Merton was chatty and artless. As the hours passed, Dane grew stronger. He took a certain pleasure in delving into the details of the lives of these two children of the heart, struggling to secure a mere livelihood, and thankful for it.

Then came Ruth Merton—a bright, bronzed, true-eyed girl, so graceful and beautiful that Cyril Dane acknowledged mentally to a new regard for the sex.

She insisted on his remaining an invalid until he grew strong. She brought him a book to read. It was one of his own. It was a novel experience to hear this artless critic glory over his beautiful descriptive parts, and deprecate the vanity and hollowness of his cynicism and false standards of actual life.

His manner and conversation proved to the young girl that he was a gentleman and of more than average cultured intelligence. Dane sent a wire to Rossiter that brought back clothes and money. There were two convalescent weeks when he strolled with his new, charming acquaintance and marveled at the clear, soulful way in which she showed him and translated the beauties of nature about them.

"I am coming back," he told Ruth Merton, as he took her hand and looked into her honest eyes with a thrill—"I am coming back in two days."

"I am going back into the country to remodel my new story," he told Rossiter in the city, the day following. "Discovered something new?" intimated Rossiter.

"Yes, a woman whose soul is beyond rubies, who has taught me what true love really means, my wife—if she will have me."

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Putting Trouble to Use.

All trouble can be put to good use in refining and strengthening our characters if we go about it the right way. By looking for the sunshine which is back of every dark cloud we help to ennoble and uplift not only ourselves but those about us.

Work is the panacea for all ills, and by setting the mind resolutely at work we can make all our burdens much lighter. Mere physical work will not always accomplish this, for often the mind has time to dwell on its misfortunes while the body is busiest. But keeping the mind constantly filled with other thoughts will leave no room for the troublesome, grievous things.

Unfavorable Estimate.

"Does your congressman discuss public questions intelligently?"

"No," replied the political boss; "he comes right out and says exactly what he believes to be true, without regard to the effect on his chances. I never saw a man act so unintelligently."

over the surface of the shell, and the breaking pressures varied between 400 and 675 pounds a square inch. With the stresses applied internally to twelve eggs these gave way at pressures varying between 32 pounds and 65 pounds a square inch. The pressure required to crush the eggs varied between 40 pounds and 75 pounds. The average thickness of the shells was 13 thousandths of an inch.

Peculiar Pleasure Palace.

"That is the most unique motion picture theater I know of anywhere," said P. G. Poster, indicating a weather-beaten, ramshackle rattletrap of a structure, that looked as if it might tumble down in its own dust at any moment. "Although it is in the last stages of dilapidation and decay, its owner actually does not call it 'The Majestic!'"

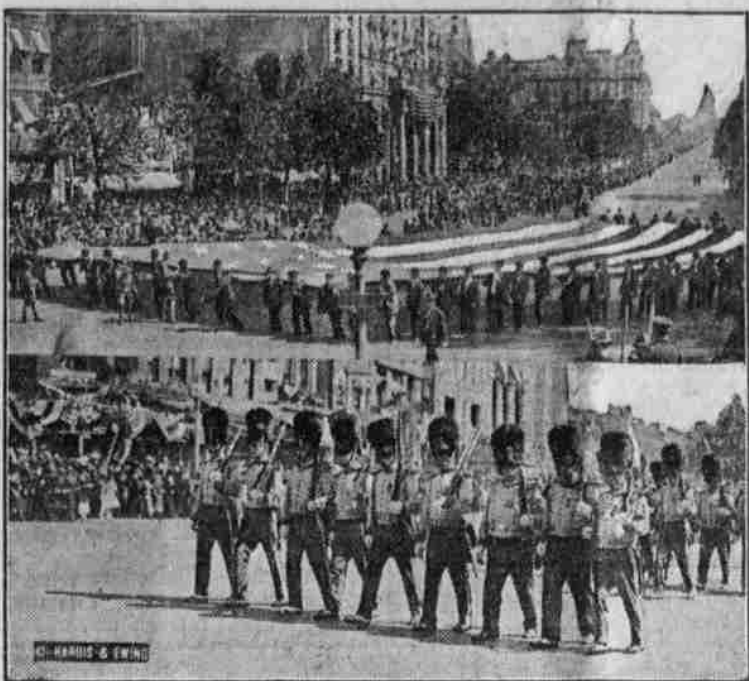
Neutral Envy.

"What is the cause of social unrest?"

"The desire," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "of the workingman for leisure and of the leisurely man for something to keep him busy."

Egg Shell Far From Fragile. The strength of an egg shell is not generally fully realized. Recently eight ordinary hens' eggs were submitted to pressure applied externally all

PARADE OF THE GRAND ARMY



The parade of the G. A. R. at this year's encampment in Washington was especially notable because it followed the route on Pennsylvania avenue taken fifty years ago by the grand review of the armies at the close of the Civil war. The illustration shows, above, William McKinley post of Canton, O., carrying the largest flag in the country, nearly 150 feet long; below, the Second New York regiment, which was in full-dress uniforms and bearskin shakos.

TESLA SEES VISION

Predicts "World System" of Wireless in Future.

Hundreds Will Be Able to Talk at Same Time Through the Earth—Static Disturbance Eliminated by Invention.

New York.—Nikola Tesla announced that he had received a patent on an invention which would not only eliminate static interference, the present bugaboo of wireless telephony, but would enable thousands of persons to talk at once between wireless stations and make it possible for those talking to see one another by wireless, regardless of the distance separating them. He said also that with his wireless station now in the process of construction on Long Island he hoped to make New York one of the central exchanges in a world system of wireless telephony.

Mr. Tesla has been working on wireless problems for many years. Recently

IS EAGER TO BE A NURSE



Miss Helen Namur, a popular leader and one of the prettiest girls in her set, long for an opportunity to aid the people of King Albert's war-torn country. Since the outbreak of the war she has worked unceasingly in the interests of Belgium, being enrolled in practically all the movements for the aid of the tiny kingdom where back in the fourteenth century her ancestors played a leading part in some of the most important and romantic historical events of the little country. They lived in the vicinity of Namur, where the greatest forts in the world were shattered by the 42-centimeter guns of the German army, and many of their descendants resided there until the outbreak of the war. Miss Namur's parents came to the United States 49 years ago and settled in New York, where she was born. Realizing the great need of workers in the stricken country where many of her relatives are fighting in the trenches, she offers to go as a war nurse or as a relief worker to aid the helpless women and children left at home to fight battles at even greater odds than those encountered by the men who held the Germans back until the French were mobilized.

HAS LONELY SUPPER AT 105

Indiana Centenarian Said to Be Daughter of Franz Antoine, Napoleon's Chef.

Jeffersonville, Ind.—Mrs. Susan Quinlan, who is now one hundred and five years old, spent her birthday quietly at her home with only her son, Charles, sixty years old, a carpenter, with whom she lives, sharing the supper. Mrs. Quinlan has been married three

TELLS SEA ROMANCE

Sole Survivor Recalls Wreck of Bark Egypt.

Went Down in Gale in Bahama Sixty-Six Years Ago—Clings to Rigging for Five Days and Nights.

Blackwell, Okla.—The only survivor of the wreck of the bark Egypt 66 years ago is visiting relatives in Kay county, and celebrated the anniversary of what was known to him as the most terrible week he has spent in his eighty-nine years on this earth.

Sheridan is yet a hale and hearty old "sea dog" and his tale of the adventure many years ago in which practically the whole crew of the bark were drowned and the remaining 13 come near meeting a much worse death was told by him in this fashion: "It was sixty-six years ago this summer that the old bark Egypt put out from Portland, Me., with a cargo of lumber and a few weeks later struck a real northwester while in the gulf stream near the Banks of Bahama. A happy outfit we were, all full of life."

"On the evening of September 6 a storm struck us and for six hours we battled that gale in a terrific fight. Finally, however, the bark turned over. The masts and rigging were left afloat, and to these those of us that were left made. When we counted up the next day, there were thirteen of us."

"Without food, without a drop of fresh water, suffering intensely from the semitropical midsummer sun by day and from the cold at night, half-famished and nearly crazed from thirst, we clung to the rigging of that half-submerged vessel for five days and nights."

"Time after time I was in the notion of letting go and ending the torture in the cool deep of the sea, but each time the love of life was too great, and I held on in the hope that some time before my mind left me, which is the usual ending of those cast out in that way, we might be rescued by a passing boat."

"On the evening of the fifth day a sailing vessel bound for New York sighted us an hour after we had seen it. That was the longest hour of my life, for I was afraid that they would go right on by without seeing us. We quickly revived, but the memory of those times will be vivid always."

HAS MADE 20,000,000 BUNS

Brother Williamford Is Baker for University of Notre Dame for Fifteen Years.

South Bend, Ind.—Brother Williamford, who estimates that he has baked approximately 20,000,000 breakfast buns, has just completed his fifteenth year as the head of the bakery of the University of Notre Dame. He has kept careful count of the various eatables he has prepared since he began. The brother's family is about 1,500 while school is in session.

By Brother Williamford's calculations he has mixed 32,550 barrels of flour and made 642,500 five-pound loaves of bread, 16,425,000 cookies and almost 20,000,000 buns for breakfast. Pies for the school are made by the sisters at St. Mary's college.

OIL KING AND GRANDCHILD



John D. Rockefeller and his granddaughter, Madeline Prentice, alighting from a train at Tarrytown, N. Y.

FINDS HUSBAND TOO PIOUS

Wife of Washington Man Says After Conversion He Kept Her as Hired Girl.

Everett, Wash.—Too much religion on the part of Roy Pattison has resulted in his wife filing a suit for divorce.

In her complaint Mrs. Pattison charges that in January, 1913, her husband "joined a religious society and announced he had been consecrated to God, which compelled him to give up his wife." She says her husband hired her to do the work about the house and told her he had no further use for her as his wife because of his consecration.

Four-Leafed Clover His Hobby. Shenandoah, Ia.—Five hundred four-leaf clovers is the number J. L. Bader of Monticello, Ia., who is visiting in this county, has found in the last three weeks. This is Mr. Bader's hobby, as he spends all his spare time looking for them. Recently while on a business trip to Yorktown he found 100 in one day.

Seize Dyed Codfish. New York.—Health officers seized dyed codfish, painted to represent salmon.

Dreamy Old Mandalay



AUDIENCE HALL OF ROYAL PALACE

A CERTAIN lady in a big American city was once heard to remark that she had lived for three years in Mandalay. Another in the same room said, with evident surprise:

"Is Mandalay really a place? I thought it was just in a song!"

Mandalay is not only a real city but an extremely interesting one, which no tourist to Oriental lands can afford to miss. It is the bulwark of Buddhism in Burma, and the most truly Burman city that can be found.

A lively American sight-seer can "do" Mandalay in two or three days, but more time could well be employed. A pleasant trip for the first afternoon is one to the Arakan Pagoda, in a suburb called Shanu. Mandalay deals in superlatives, and in this pagoda is a figure said to be the largest brass image in the world. Except for the face, it is completely covered with gold leaf. Among other curios are queer armed figures and three-headed elephants in steel. These were brought from Arakan at the time of the British occupation, and after a rather varied history finally found a resting place here. In recent years this pagoda has acquired much fame as the temporary repository of the reputed remains of Buddha.

"Mandalay hill" is a morning's excursion and requires an early start. This ascent of over 500 feet is made up of a series of steps flanked with shrines. At the top lives an especially "holy" monk, who supervised the construction of the huge building recently erected to afford a permanent mausoleum for the remains of Buddha. Naturally this spot is held in high reverence by the Buddhist community. The temple which crowns the hill contains a big gold-leaf-covered wooden image, standing with outstretched hand, forefinger pointing towards the door. It has been facetiously suggested that the gesture means, "You go," for while this image was in process of construction there was a current prophecy to the effect that once its completion the British would leave Mandalay and the old line of Burman kings would be restored.

View From Mandalay Hill. The view from the hill is magnificent. Spread out in panorama lies the whole of Mandalay, with its still-raised houses and spreading trees, its few church spires and its hundreds of white and gold pagodas, while, as a background, rise the hills, green, black or purple in the changing light. On the opposite bank of the Irrawaddy river, one can descry on a clear day the Meikong pagoda, a huge stone structure, reputed to be the largest piece of solid masonry in the world. Near it, but invisible at that distance, is the second largest bell in existence. At certain seasons of the year these places may be visited in a government launch, but at other times, when native sampans are the only means of transit, the trip is not often attempted. At the foot of the hill is the place where the Buddhist scriptures are enshrined in 450 tiny pagodas, with a table of the law to each one. There is a legend that these sacred books were, in former times, written on palm leaf and carried about in three baskets, one above another, on a man's head. Hence, they were referred to as "The Three Baskets of the Law." Finally, one king realized that some

Tug of War for Rain. These are the main sights of Mandalay, but the city itself in its everyday garb has a picturesque interest not to be overlooked. For instance, if the rains be late, a tug of war, in which men, women and children participate, is not an unusual sight. The people hope in this way to appease the unfriendly spirits that are keeping back the rains.

For those who are interested in the spread of Christianity among these people, there are numerous mission schools that invite the attention. A drive out to Aungmye is an afternoon well spent. As one nears this hamlet, the attention is arrested by a long white bridge, both unique and useful. It was built by an old Buddhist woman, who thought to gain "merit" by the act. The goal of the journey, however, is a small mission chapel, which stands on the site of the prison where the pioneer missionary, Adoniram Judson, suffered so terribly a hundred years ago. His persecutors are long dead and forgotten, but he lives in the memory and affection of many hundreds and thousands, while the scene of his trials shares prominence with the king's palace and Buddha's tomb as a place worth seeing when one is "off to Mandalay."

Optimistic Thought. To the brave man every land is a native country.

MADE A SLIGHT MISTAKE

Little Woman Must Have Been Embarrassed by Error Which Involved Strangers.

Officer O'Connor's attention was first attracted to a trim little woman near his corner a day or two ago, when she ran boldly across the safety zone markers and ducked in front of an approaching street car. O'Connor, who is a traffic policeman, makes it a point to see that the safety zone markers are dead lines, and he started toward the woman. It was his conclusion she needed special instruction in safety zones.

He reached her in time to see her take a firm hold on the coat-tails of a figure turned away from her.

"What's the matter, lady?" the policeman inquired, when he noted the coat-tail grip.

"He's my husband, Mr. Policeman, and he won't come home," the woman wailed, facing the policeman, but never releasing her grip.

The man looked around in a sur-

day they might be lost or destroyed, so he conceived the idea of preserving the records on stone.

Palace of Theebaw. A step only from religion to royalty, for a short drive brings the traveler to the old fort, with its dry moat and curiously carved gates. Within its walls is the Palace of Theebaw, the last Burman king. The various rooms, once so sacred to those of kingly rank, are placarded now, and the most democratic tourist may thus realize that he is in "The Lion Throne Room."

"The King's Audience Chamber" or "The Queen's Private Apartments." Nothing remains of past splendor save the vacant rooms with their great teak beams, covered with fast-disappearing gold-leaf, the gaudy colored glass displays and cloudy mirrors in tarnished frames. One visitor relates that as he was wandering about in one room he heard from another the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" executed by a young Burman, upon an obviously new English mouth-organ. He could not help wondering how much that palace had been a home to its royal inmates.

Close at hand is the King's Watch Tower, a tall cylinder surrounded by a winding stair, which leads to a summer house on top. This was built in a month under pain of death. The king had so taxed and oppressed the people that he feared them and dared not go out of his palace grounds, so in order to see what was going on in the city he had the tower built. Today it is still accessible to those travelers who will make the climb "at their own risk." The visit to the palace is not complete without a glimpse into the museum in the same grounds. Here are exhibited life-sized effigies of Theebaw and his famous warrior queen, as well as courtiers in their robes of state. Here, too, are the royal palanquins and countless smaller relics of the court. The feeling of the pathos of past grandeur haunts one as he leaves this place.

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prised manner and in a flustered way denied the accusation of the woman. When she heard the voice she slowly released his coat-tails. A dismal look came into her eyes. "I beg your pardon," she said to the accused man, but her face was turned to the policeman.

The man gathered his coat-tails to himself and walked hurriedly away. O'Connor just grinned to himself.—Indianapolis News.

Mercury Aids Plants. A scientific investigator of Europe has discovered a new method of destroying fungous diseases and household pests by the use of mercury. In inclosed spaces the mercury is employed in the form of vapor. In other cases it is injected in metallic form directly into the circulating fluids of the plant. The growth of the plant is not only not disturbed, but in most cases actually assisted.

Happiness in Moderation. "Look about you for the man who is happiest in his success. You will find him of moderate habit."